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FOUR

PASTORALS:

R

MORNING; NOON;
EVENING; and NIGHT.

Addressed to a LADY.

Agrestem tenui meditabor arundine Musam.

VIRG. Eclog. VI.

L O N D O N:

Printed for the AUTHOR;

(And Sold by P. VAILLANT, against Southampton Street in the Strand.)

MDCCLI.

[Price One Shilling.]

FOUR

PASTORALS

MORNING; NOON;

EVENING; and NIGHT.

Addressed to a LADY.

By the Author of the "Pastorals," &c.

LONDON:

Printed for the Author;

And Sold by P. VAN NANT, against St. Martin's Church in the Strand.



P R E F A C E.

THE Reader, when he sees this preface, may perhaps expect some of the usual apologies: "That the author, when he wrote, had no other design but the private amusement of his leisure hours; nor had ever the presumption to look upon such excursions as worthy the attention of the Public." Or else, "That some incorrect copies having been dispersed abroad, he was apprehensive of their being published unknown to him, and therefore thought it more advisable to expose an Edition of his own, rather than, by one more faulty, to run the hazard of incurring more censure than he really deserved."

These different methods have been so long pursued, that I am determined to reject them all, and make the following ample confession:

That these lines have been an amusement to me, is true; but at the same time, I declare that from the first, they were destined to try their fortune in the world.

Youth is naturally fond of praise: and I believe the most modest will acknowledge that they receive a secret pleasure

from applause; more especially when it is paid to their proficiency in any Science for which they themselves have a particular fondness. What we love, we are desirous of excelling in; and I believe I may venture to say, that the greatest satisfaction we propose to ourselves from such excelling, is the respect and approbation of the learned. Can I, after this, aver myself to be entirely indifferent to the voice of Fame? That I feel no anxiety for the welfare of my poetical Issue? Is it possible for me to affirm that the satisfaction is equal, to be the Parent of a deformed, short lived Offspring, as of a comely and healthy one? I flatter myself, after this, no one will think me utterly void of modesty, when I own, it will be a pleasure to me, should my endeavours in the least attract the Public Regard.

In relation to these Pastorals, should it be urged that some passages are borrowed, I frankly confess it; and if borrowing be esteemed a theft, I must stand guilty of Plagiarism: The chief passages imitated are inserted under the respective pages. It must be further observed, that the third Pastoral is formed upon the model of Mr. Pope's third. I thought proper to say thus much concerning them, and shall detain the Reader no longer.

PASTORAL

PASTORAL the First.

MORNING.

FOR *M*— let the Muse her lays inspire:

* What Muse for *M*— can refuse the lyre?

O fairest of thy sex! accept the song

And kindly lead the tim'rous bard along.

So shall my pen the pleasing task pursue,

Which *M*—'s self may not disdain to view.

+ O deign with me to seek the bow'ry shades,

The crystal fountains, and the sylvan glades!

• What muse for *Granville* can refuse to sing? Pope.

+ O deign to visit our forsaken seats,

The mossy fountains and the green retreats! Pope.

The calm retreats where quiver'd *Cupid* reigns,
And fires the tender nymphs and fighting swains! 10

Hear, while my verse depicts sweets like thine,
Where *M*——'s charms in fabled *Cynthia* shine :
Hear, while the shepherds tune their early lay,
And sing, in *Cynthia*'s name, thy natal day.

The morn above the mountains rais'd her head, 15
And blushing skies were streak'd with glowing red ;
When chance together brought two shepherd-swains,
Who drove their snowy flocks along the plains :
Both skill'd alike to blow the sounding reed ;
Both skill'd alike the frisking lambs to feed : 20
Well could they both their rural songs attune :
The pleasing converse *Thyrsis* first begun.

THYRSIS.

Come, *Strephon*! now the purple morn appears,

To wipe from moisten'd plants the balmy tears :

The sun returns to clear the hazy air : 25

Come, sit with me, and tend your fleecy care.

Here

(III)

Here *Phæbus* first will dart his chearing ray :

The sun is grateful at the rising day !

Not more we love at noon the cool retreat,

Than, at the chilly dawn, his kindly heat. 30

Sit here: this leafless trunk will both contain:

§ The dewy grass is noxious to the swain.

STREPHON.

Now smiling nature hails the teeming spring,

And ev'ry shepherd lifts his voice to sing;

What fav'rite subject now will *Thyrsis* chuse? 35

What lovely nymph employs his tuneful Muse?

THYRSIS.

Can *Strephon* then frequent these blissful plains,

Nor know the theme that claims our softest strains?

What else but *Cynthia* can demand the lay?

To *Cynthia* sacred and her natal day! 40

§ Solet esse gravis cantantibus umbra ;

Juniperi gravis umbra

VIRG. Ecl. x.

B 2

STRE

STREPHON.

Is this the day that birth to *Cynthia* gave ?
 Ye hills, resound it! answer ev'ry cave !
 For *Cynthia* let the numbers glide along,
 And name the prize to grace the victor's song:——
 In happy time *Palemon* meets our eyes,
 To judge the contest and award the prize.

45

THYRSIS.

Behold this crook, fram'd of a youngling tree,
 Which *Mopsus* gave my fire, my fire to me :
 The even grain resplendent rings adorn ;
 The head above is shap'd of polish'd horn :
 This, if thou conquer st, I to thee resign :
 If not, what present, *Strephon*, shall be mine ?

50

STREPHON.

This beechen bowl with artful labour crown'd,
 See ! figur'd forms emboss the curious round :
 Here *Colin* stands, who first (a worksupream !)
 Form'd the white pail to catch the milky stream :

55

Oft

Oft has *Amryntas* beg'd this gift in vain:
Now sing; *Palemon* will attend the strain.

P A L Æ M O N.

The winds are hush'd, the leaves no murmurs yield,
But peaceful silence stills the list'ning field. 60

* Let each, by turns, his tuneful verses try:
Thyrsis begin, and *Strepbon* next reply.

T H Y R S I S.

Ye Muses, come! your sacred succour bring;
And teach your shepherd *Cynthia's* praise to sing:
So rising *Phœbus* as he mounts on high, 65
Shall hear the song with pleasure from the sky.

S T R E P H O N.

Celestial *Venus*! quit th' *Idalian* groves;
And bring the Graces and the sportive Loves:
With gentle ardor teach my breast to glow;
And soft as *Cynthia* let the numbers flow. 70

• Alternis dicetis, VIRG. Ecl. iii.

THYRSIS.

Ye lab'ring swains! that seek the early plough,
 With verdant laurels shade your toiling brow,
 Let *Cynthia's* name your rustic tongues employ;
 And give the day to *Cynthia*, and to joy.

STREPHON.

How late the languid plants declin'd their head ; 75
 And mourning trees were lost in dusky shade !
 This happy morn has chang'd the gloomy scene :
 The plants revive, the trees are cloath'd with green !

THYRSIS.

Not yonder sun, that rising on the sight,
 Darts o'er the glitt'ring mead his flanting light, 80
 Is half so grateful to the lonely plains,
 As *Cynthia's* presence to the joyful swains !

STREPHON.

While summer noon afflicts the flocks with heat,
 This day shall Echo *Cynthia's* name repeat :
 This day to *Cynthia* ev'ry sound shall rise, 85
 And *Zephyrs* waft 'em to the distant skies !

THYRSIS.

THYRSIS.

See! where the feather'd choirs from spray to spray
 With joyous songs salute the op'ning day:
 For her they bid the tardy light return,
 And seem to check the ling'ring of the morn. 90

STREPHON.

For her the mounting lark ascending springs,
 And waves amidst the clouds his soaring wings;
 And while in air the sweet musician floats,
 He pours for *Cynthia's* birth the lengthen'd notes.

THYRSIS.

The groves renew'd, their verdant leaves resume:
 Now daisies spring and infant vi'lets bloom:
 For her returning Spring prepares her stores,
 And glads the fruitful earth with *April* show'rs. 95

STREPHON.

The silver blossoms ev'ry bush adorn,
 And budding roses breathe on ev'ry thorn: 100

This

This day a brighter object did disclose,
Than silver blossoms, or the budding rose !

THYRSIS.

Ye mountain Nymphs! forsake the lonely glade,
And sportive dance beneath the waving shade:
While gazing swains the sacred rites survey,
And tell the world 'tis *Cynthia's* natal day

105

STREPHON.

Ye watry *Naiads*! teach your winding floods
To roll with softer music thro' the woods.
Let groves and streams their choicest tributes pay,
To tell the world 'tis *Cynthia's* natal day!

110

PALÆMON.

Hard is the task the victor swain to tell,
When both, with equal graces, sing so well.
† Attend: I doom the bowl to *Thyrsis* due;
The crook, my *Strephon*! I decree to you:

† Cease to contend, for (*Daphnis*) I decree,

The bowl to *Strephon*, and the lamb to thee. POPP.

So

So still, ye gentle youths! pursue your lays,
And ever tune your voice to *Cynthia's* praise!

PASTORAL the Second.

NOON.

A Gain the Muse inspires me to proceed,
Attend me, *M*——! where the Muses lead.

Phoebus, ascending to the noon of day,
Shot downward on the fields his scorching ray:
When, in a poplar grove, two shepherd swains
With voice alternate tun'd their rural strains;
While, careless on the green, the lambkins play'd,
Bask'd in the sun, or wanton'd in the shade.

SYLVIVS.

How sweet, at sultry noon, the fencing trees!
The purling waters and the cooling breeze!

C

How

How sweet the flow'rs, that paint th'enamell'd dales,
 And spread their odours to the balmy gales!
 How sweet the birds, that chant on ev'ry tree !
 But lovely *Chloris* sweeter far to me !

DAMON.

From rising morn, 'till eve extends her shade
 To deck with sparkling dews the thirsty glade ;
 For *Phyllis* flow my raptur'd lays along,
 She swells my numbers, and she aids my song ;
 For her the fairest of my lambs I feed :
 For her I first assay'd the tuneful reed.

SYLVIUS.

A spacious tree amidst my orchard grows,
 And clust'ring fruits oppress the loaded boughs.
 An ample basket, *Chloris*, shall be thine :
 For thee, my love ! the rip'ning sun shall shine.

DAMON.

Fly, fly, my bees ! select from ev'ry field
 The purest stores the kindly year can yield :
 With

With diligence the fragrant work pursue:
The choicest portion shall be *Phyllis*' due.

SYLVIUS

My *Chloris*' lips like pure vermillion shew:
Her bloomy cheeks with op'ning roses glow: 30
Loose in the wind her golden tresses play;
Like *Phœbus*' beams that gild the setting day!

DAMON.

Thro' jetty ringlets, that with flowing grace,
Wave on her neck or circle round her face,
Phyllis with brighter lustre strikes the eyes: 35
Like silver *Dian* in the fable skies!

SYLVIUS.

Lead me, ye Muses! to the conscious grove
Where first I prest the yielding maid to love.
When round her slender waist my arms I threw,
What kindling blushes o'er her visage flew! 40

C 2

As

As sanguine streams pursue the cruel knife,
 When bleating lambkins yield their harmless life ;
 Such on her face the rising glories seem,
 As on the snowy wool the crimson stream.

DAMON.

Say, *Cupid!* tell, that once in Rumber laid, 45
 These happy eyes surpriz'd th' unwary maid.
 What lover, seeing, could refrain the bliss?
 Adown I stoop'd and stole a balmy kiss.
 Believe me, swain, her lips were softer far
 Than downy wool that cloaths the fleecy care : 50
 Her breath was sweeter than the breath of lambs
 That suck, with infant cries, their milky dams.

SYLVIVS.

Haste, shepherds, haste! a various garland bring
 With all the blossoms of the teeming spring.
 O place the wreath around my *Chloris* head, 55
 When in the graceful dance she sweeps the mead ;

When

When ev'ry eye surveys her as she moves,
And, while he views her, ev'ry shepherd loves.

DAMON.

Haste, shepherds, haste! another wreath prepare,
To crown, when *Phyllis* sings, the warbling fair: 60
When the soft notes our ravish'd ears detain:
When silver streams their ling'ring course restrain:
When *Zephyrs* hold their breath to hear the lay;
And silent birds sit list'ning on the spray.

SYLVIUS.

O mighty *Pan*! (thro' whom our flocks we keep) 65
With watchful care protect my *Chloris*' sheep.
Ah! let not hungry wolves from hills descend,
The gentle prey with barb'rous teeth to rend:
Let not their mournful cries assault her ears;
And fill her pitying eyes with flowing tears. 70

DAMON.

Sylvanus! 'guard the fav'rites of my fair;
Two milk-white lambs are her peculiar care:

To

To each by turns her fondling love exprest:
She clasps the little darlings to her breast.
For these she strips the smiling meads and bow'rs, 75
And sportive decks their tender limbs with flow'rs.

SYLVIUS.

Behold the tree where yonder goat is laid;
Henceforth 'tis sacred to the matchless maid:
This knife shall carve the bark with *Chloris*' name,
And twining love-knots round shall tell my flame: 80
Away, my sheep, away! the spot forego;
And round the plant let grass untrodden grow

DAMON.

That other, *Sylvius*, to my love I vow,
And *Flora*'s gifts shall hang on ev'ry bough:
With purple wreaths the ample bowl I'll bind, 85
And carve my am'rous verses on the rind.
Pass kindly by, ye tenants of the plain,
Nor touch the offerings of a love-sick swain!

SYLVIUS.

SYLVIUS.

Ah! cease, my lambs, forbear your wanton play :

Why should ye sport when *Chloris* is away ?

99

DAMON.

Ah! crop the glade no more, my woolly breed ;

But think on *Phyllis* and forget to feed.

SYLVIUS.

O come, my dearest *Chloris* ! come with haste :

Thy shepherd shall prepare the sweet repast :

* The turf shall be with rural dainties spread ;

99

And bending branches wave above your head.

DAMON.

O come, my *Phyllis* ! trip along the plain,

And crown the wishes of your faithful swain :

These hands shall raise a feat in yonder grove,

And press the viny clusters for my love.

100

• The turf with country dainties shall be spread,

And trees with twining branches shade your head.

POET.

PASTORAL

PASTORAL the Third.

EVENING.

W Here spreading Oaks their tufted leaves display'd,
Tityrus and *Lycon* sung beneath the shade.

That bless'd the happy issue of his love;
 This fill'd with loud laments the pitying grove.

M——? again thy grateful succour lend:

Tityrus, and *Lycon's* rural lays attend!

Now day declining gave a fiery blaze,
 And vary'd clouds were streak'd with golden rays:
 The evening *Zephyrs* flutter'd on the wing:
 When tuneful *Tityrus* first began to sing.

Attend, ye groves, attend my joyous strains!

Tityrus no more of cruel fate complains:

To

To devious winds my sorrows I resign;
 And tell the plains that *Galatea's* mine
 The lovely nymph no more denies her charms,
 But gives them to her faithful shepherd's arms.
 Ye tardy minutes! urge your speedy flight,
 And bring my *Galatea* to my sight.

Attend, ye groves, attend my joyous lay!
 What pleasures now shall fill the blisful day
 While, seated on the turf, our loves we sing,
 With answ'ring music ev'ry vale shall ring:
 The streams, that thro' the plenteous meadows glide,
 Shall roll, o'er chiding stones, a gentler tide;
 The limpid waves no more my sorrows hear,
 But pour along, unsully'd with a tear!

Attend, ye groves, attend my joyous strains!
 Now rip'ning autumn glads the lab'ers pains:
 The blushing fruits on loaded branches shine,
 And purple clusters bend the curling vine.

Now ruddy berries paint the changing green,
 And yellow harvests crown the pleasing scene.
 Yet no delights of orchard, field, or grove,
 Are half so sweet as *Galatea's* love!

Attend, ye groves, attend my joyous lay!
 Yon bank is wash'd, by melting rains, away :
 * Trust not your feet too far, my heedless sheep,
 The flood is rapid, and the bank is steep.
 This lamb, recover'd from the stream with pain,
 With flow'rs adorn'd, to *Venus* shall be slain :
 Victim to her who heal'd the shepherd's smart,
 And gave her *Tityrus*, *Galatea's* heart!

Attend, ye groves, attend my joyous strains!
 What cause so long the dearest nymph detains?
 Say you, whose bosoms am'rous passions prove,
 Is not a moment lost, an age in love?

* *Parcite, oves, nimium procedere ; non bene ripæ.*

Creditur : ipse aries etiam nunc vellera ficcet.

VIRG. ECL. iii.

But,

But, hark! what voice salutes my ravish'd ear?

Ye Gods! I dream, or *Galatea's* near!

'Tis she! I come, I fly across the plains!

Now cease, ye groves, to listen to my strains!

Next *Lycon* spoke; while *Phœbus* heard the lay,

And ling'ring hover'd on the verge of day:

Fast from his eyes the tears began to flow,

While thus the shepherd tun'd his plaintive woe.

Mourn, all my flocks, ye founding echoes mourn! 55

For *Lycon* now is *Amaryllis'* scorn.

In vain, alas! the tender vows the swore:

The vows are lost, and love is now no more!

As the low sun withdraws his chearing rays,

So *Amaryllis'* fading love decays: 60

As dreary glooms enwrap the fields in night,

So black despair succeeds to love's delight!

Hear, all my flocks, ye founding echoes hear!

Henceforth unheeded pass the various year:

In vain shall nature welcome in the spring; and
 And feather'd songsters stretch their throats to sing!
 What ease can this afford my tortur'd mind,
 When cruel *Amaryllis* proves unkind?

Mourn, all my flocks, ye sounding echoes mourn
 In vain shall summer swell the rising corn:
 In vain, when noontide beams have scorch'd the glade,
 Shall screening bow'rs present their friendly shade;
 Ah! what avails to me the cool retreat,
 When *Cupid* burns my breast with inward heat?

Hear, all my flocks, ye sounding echoes hear!
 See autumn now in lavish pomp appear!
Pomona spreads her tempting gifts in vain,
 Untouch'd by me her golden fruits remain:
 For *Amaryllis* once I cropt her store;—
 But now 'tis past, her riches please no more!
 Wither, ye fruits, amidst the yellow leaves:
 No more the faithless maid my gifts receives!

Mourn,

Mourn, all my flocks, ye founding echoes mourn!
 Say, *Amaryllis*, whence this hard return?
 Ah! why has happier *Corydon* prevail'd?
 What has he done, ingrate, that *Lycon* fail'd?
 Oft, as you slept, this arm sustain'd your head,
 And heap'd the gather'd leaves to form a bed;
 With raptur'd eyes I watch'd you as you lay,
 And chac'd with care the insect-train away.

Hear, all my flocks, ye founding echoes hear!
 Let winter now with icy wings appear;
 Let winter (grateful season to my woes!)
 Deform the grassy turf with falling snows:
 Let blust'ring *Boreas* chase the milder breeze,
 And strip the sapless leaves from faded trees.
 Let rural scenes as void of verdure prove,
 As *Amaryllis*' faithless heart of love!

Then nature shall afford a kind return,
 And flocks and echoes hapless *Lycon* mourn!

Thus sung the youths; mean-time the sick'ning light
 Foretold the soft approaches of the night:
 The fable trees receiv'd a deeper dye,
 And purple *Hesper* twinkled from the sky.

PASTORAL the Fourth.

NIGHT.

YET once again, indulgent *M—*, hear!
 Vouchsafe, again to bend a fav'ring ear!
 Hear, what from love's unbounded sway may spring;
 Hear, while *Alexis'* mournful lays I sing.
 Once more attend the loves of artless swains;
 Then bid adieu to flocks and flow'ry plains!
 Now night had spread her starry veil around,
 And solemn silence brooded on the ground:

In

In trickling dews the bending flow'rets weep;
 And weary swains indulge the gift of sleep;
 All but *Alexis*——to the woods alone,
 The hapless shepherd pour'd his plaintive moan.
 The moon, with trembling light, suspended hung.
 Rehearse, ye Muses! what *Alexis* sung.

Ah wretched swain! what now avails to keep
 Thy lowing herds, or tend thy woolly sheep!
 Let mountain wolves thy bleating lambkins seize!
 Let noisome blights destroy thy freighted trees!
 No more, my pipe! let sportive music flow,
 But tune the notes to elegies of woe.
 To happier youths the pleasing cares belong
 Of fleecy lambkins, and the chearful song.
 While such enjoy the peaceful sweets of rest;
 Love burns for ever in my wakeful breast!
 In vain to hills and dales I vent my grief;
 Nor hills, nor dales, can yield their swain relief.

Ye bow'rs and valleys! *Daphne's* name retain:

Daphne the fair, my pleasure and my pain!

Why should the Muse her tuneful aid impart,

Unless the Muse could ease a love-sick heart? 30

Verse taught of old the stubborn rocks to bend;

And bade the nodding pines from hills descend.

Verse tam'd the howling savage of the plains:

But ah! no verse can soften *Cupid's* pains!

Look, *Daphne*, look! see where *Alexis* lies:— 35

But gentle sleep has seal'd thy *Daphne's* eyes!

Alexis, cease! in vain thy sorrows flow:

The nymph nor hears thee, nor regards thy woe.

O come! the fields shall brighten at thy sight,

And silver *Dian* shed a softer light. 40

Ye bow'rs and valleys! *Daphne's* name retain:

Daphne the fair, my pleasure and my pain!

But whither do my frantic wishes rove,

For one that never can return my love?

Another

Another has possess'd my *Daphne's* charms! 45

Another clasps my *Daphne* in his arms!

O day! for ever fatal, ever dear;

When first I saw the lovely nymph appear,

At once despair and love my soul possess'd;

At once they grew together in my breast: 50

So thorny weeds the teeming earth supplies,

That mix with yellow harvests as they rise:

Yet these are parted by the lab'ers' care;

But who can from my bosom weed despair?

Ye bow'rs and valleys! *Daphne's* name retain; 55

Daphne the fair, my pleasure and my pain!

See! where the moon awhile her lustre shrouds,

But soon dispels again the fleeting clouds:

Lo! yonder covert of surrounding shade,

Where the dark trees their thickest texture spread; 60

The parting leaves, by fits, receive the light

To deck the dusky green with spots of white:

But ah ! no kindly pow'r can entrance find
 To dart a beam of comfort on my mind
 No flatt'ring hopes *Alexis'* cares dispel;
 But glooms eternal in his bosom dwell.

Ye bow'rs and valleys! *Daphne's* name retound;
Daphne the fair, my pleasure and my pain!
 Hear, silent shades! ye sylvan *Dryads* hear
 And conscious *Phoebe* bend a list'ning ear
 While fair *Aurora* opens the rosy dawn;
 And wanton lambskins seek the flow'ry lawn;
 While swains, to early work, their oxen drive;
 And bees attend the labours of their hive:
 No other, (*Daphne*!) shall my breast enamour
 My love, tho' hopeless, still shall burn the same;
 In vain shall am'rous nymphs their gifts impart;
 No more the nymphs shall melt *Alexis'* heart:
 Adieu, ye nymphs! your beauties fire resign
 To mourn, that *Daphne's* sweets can ne'er be mine!

Ye bow'rs and valleys! *Daphne's* name retain;
Daphne the fair, my pleasure and my pain!
 Ye Muses! throw your laurel wreaths aside,
 And cypress garlands for my brows provide;
 Lead me, where rue and wormwood spread the ground, 85
 And weeping myrtles shed their tears around:
 There let me wail; till creeping death invades
 And wraps these eyes in care-dispelling shades:
 A grassy turf the shepherds then shall rear;
 Then *Daphne's* self may pay a blameless tear! 90
 Hang o'er the grave my pipe, whose strains no more
 Shall wake the echoes of the plaintive shore!
 No more my lambs shall, round their master play:
 No more the bow'rs and valleys hear my lay,
 No more, alas! my *Daphne's* name retain; 95
Daphne, no more my pleasure nor my pain!

11 7 49

F I N I S.

Ye bow is and valley! Daphne's name retain;
Daphne the fair, my pleasure and my pain!
Ye Muses! throw your laurel wreaths aside,

And cypres garlands for my brows provide;
Lead me, where rue and wormwood spread the ground, &

And weeping myrtles shed their tears around:

There let me wail; till creeping death invades

And wraps these eyes in curl-dissolving shades:

A grassy turf the shepherds then shall tear;

Then Daphne's self may pay a plumeless tear!

Hang o'er the grave my pipe, whose strains no more

Shall wake the echoes of the plaintive shore!

No more my lamps shall, round their mazes play;

No more the bow is and valley hear my lay,

No more, alas! my Daphne's name retain;

Daphne, no more my pleasure nor my pain!

FINIS.

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